

After his death, I thought no more of the matter. Indeed I did not want to think about it, for any recognition of my jubilee which did not include his, seemed to me very unnecessary.

Of course I was pleased that others thought it necessary. I enjoyed all the celebrations. Even the speeches that I had to make did not spoil my enjoyment. But all the time I knew perfectly well that the great show of honour and "friending" was not for me alone. Never for one instant did I forget this, nor that the light of the great man by whose side I had worked for a quarter of a century was still shining on me from his grave.

The difficulty was to thank people as they deserved.

Stammering speeches could not do it, *bpt* I hope that they all understood. "I were but little happy, if I could say how much/'

Kindness on kindness's head accumulated ! There was *The Tribune* testimonial, I can never forget that London's youngest newspaper first conceived the idea of celebrating my Stage Jubilee.¹

The matinee given in my honour at Drury Lane by the theatrical profession was a wonderful sight. The two things about it which touched me most deeply were my reception by the crowd who were waiting to get into the gallery when I visited them at two in the morning, and the presence of Eleonora Duse, who came all the way from Florence just to honour me. She told me afterwards that she would have come from South Africa or from Heaven, had she been there! I appreciated very much too, the

Madness of Signor Caruso in singing for me.
I did not
know him at all, and the gift of his service
was essentially

¹ I am sorry to say that since I wrote this *The
Tribune*, after a
gallant fight for life, has gone to join the company of
courageous
enterprises which have failed.